

J.
Mother Mary Olive
with the kind
wishes of

Joseph B. Code

St. Ambrose College,
Davenport, Iowa,
November 26, 1929

A
DAILY THOUGHT
FROM THE WRITINGS
OF
MOTHER SETON



MOTHER ELIZABETH SETON

FOUNDRESS OF THE AMERICAN SISTERS OF CHARITY

BORN IN NEW YORK CITY, AUGUST 28, 1774

DIED IN EMMITSBURG, MARYLAND, JANUARY 4, 1821

A
DAILY THOUGHT
FROM THE WRITINGS
OF
MOTHER SETON

selected by

The Reverend JOSEPH B. CODE, M. A., S. T. B.

St. Ambrose College, Davenport, Iowa

Emmitsburg

Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul

1929

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TO THE MEMORY OF
MOTHER MARGARET
LOVER OF MOTHER SETON AND HER TENTH SUCCESSOR
IN ST. JOSEPH'S VALLEY

"I will say that, as the result of my long and intimate acquaintance with Mother Seton, I believe her to have been one of those truly chosen souls (âmes d'élite) who, if placed in circumstances similar to those of St. Theresa, or St. Frances de Chantal, would be equally remarkable in the scale of sanctity. For it seems to me impossible that there could be a greater elevation, purity, and love for God, for heaven and for supernatural and eternal things than were to be found in her.

Nothing could be more grand or more vast than her view of things. Nothing could exceed her readiness for sacrifice; and she could not comprehend how one could consider anything a sacrifice in the service of God. Her views, however, were not exaggerated, but characterized by a true wisdom, and extremely averse to all vain speculation. O, the noble and right mind!"

THE RIGHT REVEREND SAMUEL GABRIEL BRUTÉ,
Bishop of Vincennes, Indiana.

July 5. 1821.

January

I

LOVING you in God, I cannot speak any other language. That we may be happy in the ages of eternity is the fervent New Year wish of your affectionate friend.

To an intimate friend.

2

THANK God for having made me a child of His Church: when you come to this hour you will know what it is to be a child of the Church.

To her Sisters on her deathbed.

3

MAY the most just, the most high, the most amiable will of God be ever loved, adored, and accomplished.

On her deathbed.

JANUARY

4

I NEVER experienced so keenly the presence of this beloved Lord as I have since I have been ill. It is as if I were seeing the good Jesus, Him and His holy Mother, here, continually seated at my side, under a visible form, to console me, cheer me, and to encourage me throughout all the hours of my long and painful suffering.

*Shortly before her death which occurred
January 4, 1821.*

5

THE PEACE and confidence of the soul in its Creator must be true happiness, and the end for which it was created. But to enjoy, we must love : and to love we must sacrifice.

6

AFFLICTIONS are the steps to Heaven.

7

H, how sweet to be every moment employed in the service and in the sight of the dearest and most generous of Masters, who repays with the tenderness of compassionate love, even the good-will of His child, however imperfect its execution.

JANUARY

8

ETERNITY ! that voice to be everywhere understood. ETERNITY ! to love and serve Him only who is to be loved and eternally served and praised in heaven.

9

MY GOD and my All! Save, save, that I may return you an Eternity of gratitude and praise.

10

BE sure, my dearest Ann, to go to Him, your Father, your Friend, your Refuge, your All. Put your heart at His feet, the gift He loves best.

To her little daughter, Anna.

11

IF I did not see Our Lord in all and trust all to Him what an aching heart should I have. But not so. I look all the while to our purification and then our Eternity, so long for love and enjoyment.

To her little daughter, Rebecca.

JANUARY

12

THE debt we pay for this beautiful creation and the many enjoyments of this life are to be borne in some degree by us all. Human life and sorrow are inseparable.

13

IN the hour of manifestation, when all this cross working will be explained, we will find that in this period of our poor life we are most ripe for the business for which we are sent. While the ploughers go over us, we are safe. No fears of pleasing ourselves, no danger of mistaking God's Will.

14

ONE of the first rules of my happiness is to be satisfied with Good in whatever degree I can attain it.

15

YOU must look forward. At all event this life is worth possessing, if it were only because while we have it we are candidates for a better one.

JANUARY

16

LOOK up, my love, and be thankful for the good that yet remains.

To a friend.

17

THE lot of humanity is to suffer. Bow with me in patient submission to our All-wise Director.

To a friend.

18

LET hours of affliction lay a foundation of future enjoyment, and let the same hand which gave the blow heal and embalm it. Sorrow exhausts itself, and afflictions will find alleviations from time, if there are no other sources.

19

FATHER of all beings, how extensive are Thy mercies, how great, how inexpressible! It is in Thee we live and move and have our being; the lot of mortals is in Thy hand. They are only happy through Thee. Thy paternal cares are over all mankind.

JANUARY

20

SURELY, the next blessing in our future existence to that of being near the Source of Perfection will be the enjoyment of one another's society. No separation; but free communication of affection, unshackled by the whys and wherefores of this world.

To a friend.

21

WE are not always to have what we like best in this world, thank Heaven! For if we had, how soon we should forget the other—the place of endless peace, where they, who are united by virtue and affection here, will surely enjoy that union so often interrupted while on their journey Home.

22

IT is a melancholy reflection, and no one can make it oftener than I do, that our peace and pleasure should so much depend on hirelings and circumstances so trivial. But it always will be so, while artificial wants and habits affect us as much as they do now. . . . But better days will come. There is another and a better world.

JANUARY

23

TO commit ourselves to Him for strength and refuge is the only relief from thoughts which would overpower the mind that did not resist them.

24

WHO but one toiling through the scenes of vexation that this life continually presents must sigh for futurity? And yet it is thought wonderful, and even incredible, that a person free from poverty and the greatest ills of life should wish to change this for another. I resign the present and the future to Him who is the Author and Conductor of both. But most certainly I have no enjoyment so great that would induce me to remain here one moment longer, if it depended on me to make the change. Even as the mother of my children I would not stay if I were sure they would not be deprived of the protection of their father.

Written before the death of her husband.

25

LET your chief study be to acquaint yourself with God, because there is nothing greater than God, and because it is the only knowledge which can fill the heart with a peace and joy which nothing can disturb.

JANUARY

26

NOT sometimes lessens personal sorrow to compare our condition with that of others.

27

NOT to moralize or repine, but in the common language of every day and hour, what is life except we consider it a passage in the dear, the strong and anxious hope of soon reaching our happy heavenly home, where peace and all we prize most awaits our arrival.

28

I am a prisoner with all this wide and beautiful creation before me. The restless soul longs to enjoy its liberty and rest beyond its present bounds. When the Father calls His child, how readily He will be obeyed!

29

TRY to love, yes, to love your trials as from the Will ; try to love the dear, good, trying trial.

JANUARY

30

WHEN all is over, when the silver cord is loosed, and the spirit returned to Him who gave it, then He who has witnessed its struggles will give it rest. In the meantime exertions and sacrifices must be made.

31

HAVE confidence! Never let the comparison of time and eternity slip an instant from your mind. I find this cures all sorrow.

February

I



IVE thousand Bethsamites were struck dead for looking with disrespect at the Ark. Oh, then, who shall disrespect the Altar.

2



E who perseveres to the end shall be saved. Piety must be habitual, not by fits. It must be persevering, because temptations continue all our life, and perseverance alone obtains the crown. Its means are: the presence of God, good reading, prayer, the sacraments, good resolutions often renewed, the remembrance of our last end; and its advantages: habits which secure our predestination—making our life equal, peaceable, and consoling — leading to the heavenly crown — to where our perseverance will be eternal!

3



H, my Jesus! Let me kiss the path of Calvary sprinkled with Thy blood, since it is that path alone which leads me to Thee.

FEBRUARY

4

WHAT is pain, sorrow, poverty, reproach? Blessed Lord, they all were once Thy companions, and can I reject them as enemies and fly from the friends Thou sendest to bring me to Thy kingdom?

5

WE may be sure that Our Savior offers Himself for each one of us every time we offer our whole soul and body in the Mass with Him.

6

GOD can show His power by means of weak instruments, and His wisdom by ignorance. Blessed be His Holy Name!

7

THIS passing scene of nature's sufferings when closed will lead to happier scenes.

8

PATIENCE and resignation: Heavenly virtues exercised in little things that keep the soul in a sense of its dependent state.

FEBRUARY

9

ARREST, O merciful Father, the soul that flees Thee or is insensible to Thy mercies. Draw it by Thy powerful grace, awaken it by Thy subduing spirit, that, convinced of its infirmities and bewailing its unworthiness, it may throw itself on Thy mercy and find pardon and peace through the merits of our adored Saviour.

10

ALMIGHTY Giver of all mercies, Father of all, who knows my heart and pities its weakness and errors: Thou knowest the desire of my soul is to do Thy will. It struggles to wing its flight to Thee, its Creator and sinks again in sorrow for that imperfection which draws it back to earth. How long shall I contend with sin and mortality! When will that hour arrive which shall free the troubled spirit from its prison, and change the sadness of this life for immortality and endless happiness! I bow to Thee, my God, in cheerful hope, that confiding in Thy infinite mercy and assisted by Thy powerful grace I shall soon arrive to that hour of unspeakable joy. But if it is Thy will that the spirit shall yet contend with its dust, assist me so to conduct myself through this life as not to render it an enemy but a conductor to that happy state where all mortal contentions are done away and where Thy eternal presence will bestow eternal felicity.

FEBRUARY

11

SOLEMNLy, in the presence of my Judge, I resolve through His grace to remember my infirmity and my sins,—to keep the door of my lips,—to consider the causes of sorrow for sin in myself and them whose souls are as dear to me as my own;—to check and restrain all useless words,—to deny myself and exercise the severity that I know is due to my sins;—to judge myself: thereby trusting, through mercy, that I shall not be severely judged by my Lord.

12

Hear the cry of His blood on my miseries!

13

WHatever is Thy good pleasure, Thy blessed will be done; let me have but one wish, that of pleasing Thee; but one fear, the fear of offending Thee.

14

REMEMBERING the comparison of my unworthiness with Thy goodness, let my soul wait with patience, and glorify Thee for Thy patience with me.

FEBRUARY

15

“**T**HY will be done!”—What a comfort and support those four little words are to my soul. I have repeated them until they are softened to the sweetest harmony.

16

Thou who possessteth Sovereign power and giveth life and enjoyment to the poorest insect which could not exist a moment but by Thy will permit Thy creature to praise and bless Thee and let me ever adore Thy goodness and give my soul to Thy service.

17

WITH pity, O Lord, look down upon thy servant. Thy mercy is boundless, Thou hast preserved our souls from death while thousands fell around us. Thou hast given us every good while others are visited with sorrow and affliction. And shall not my soul praise Thee for this unmerited goodness? Will it rather prefer the bondage of sin than be Thy servant? Oh! no; it pants, it longs to fit itself for Thy acceptance; but chained in the service of the Enemy it falls from its native glory and grovels in the dust. Let Thy mercy assist the endeavors of Thy servant, grant but the smallest portion of Thy grace and I shall be free.

FEBRUARY

18

ALL other sorrow is pleasure compared with this worst of sorrows — the offending my gracious Lord.

19

H, be with me and I shall be whole. Comfort Thy servants whose trust is in Thee, bend our minds to Thy will, enlarge us with Thy grace, sustain us with Thy blessing, until through the gate of death and the grave we pass to our joyful resurrection.

20


IT is upon the humble, the poor, and the defenseless that God has deigned to shower His greatest mercies in order to have them serve as an example for the encouragement of poor sinners.

21


HOW much of my day is passed I know not. Save me, let not the night overtake! Blessed saints of God, pray for the weary soul that has stayed so far behind. You have reached the summit, pray for me.

FEBRUARY


22

 Almighty Father! O Blessed Spirit! Comforter of the sick and sorrowing soul! O Saviour Eternal! Redeemer of sinners! who gave Thy life to save us, assist a miserable sinner who strives with corruption, and desires above all things to break the snares of the enemy. I am, O Lord, like one in the net of the fowler. Set me now at liberty, cleanse me and fit me for Thy presence, and the soul that now sorrows shall rejoice.


23

 Y God, thou who art so good, so infinitely merciful, an eternity of praise will be too short.

24

 Lord, keep us in Thy way, direct us in Thy paths, recall our wanderings, make us to hear Thy voice with gladness and to rejoice in Thy salvation.

25

 IVE some time, if it is only half an hour in every day, to devotional reading, which is as necessary to the well ordering of the mind as the hand of the gardener is to prevent weeds destroying your favorite flowers.

FEBRUARY

26

DO I realize the protecting presence, the consoling grace of my Redeemer and my God? He raises me from the dust to feel that I am near Him, He drives away all terrors, He fills me with His consolations; He is my guide, my friend, my supporter. With such a guide can I fear? With such a friend shall I not be satisfied? With such a supporter can I fall? Oh! then, my adored refuge, let not my frail nature shrink at Thy command, let not the spirit which Thou vouchsafest to inform obey Thee reluctantly; let me say, rather: "Lord, here am I, the creature of Thy will, rejoicing that Thou wilt lead, thankful that Thou wilt choose for me. Only continue to me Thy soulcheering presence: and in life or in death let me be Thine own."

27

PRAISED and blessed be that glorious Name through which alone we dare to look to the throne of grace. Praised and blessed be Thou, our Almighty Redeemer, who hast gained for us this refuge of love and mercy, who didst suffer and die for us that we might live in glory forever. Praise be Thou, our Almighty Conqueror, our Heavenly Guide, our tried, our sure and firm Support, our Light, our Life. King of Glory, Lord of Hosts: adored praised, blessed be Thy Holy

FEBRUARY

Name forever. Oh, let our souls praise Thee and our all be devoted to Thy service; then at the last we shall praise Thee "day without night," rejoicing in Thy eternal courts. By the light of Thy celestial glories all our darkness, pains, and sorrows will be forever dispersed; these clouds and griefs which now oppress and weigh down the souls of Thy poor erring creatures will be gone and remembered no more; these thorns which now obstruct our path, these shades which obscure the light of Thy heavenly truth, all shall give place to Thy cheering presence, to the eternal, unchanging joys which Thou hast in store for the souls of Thy faithful servants. Oh! glory, blessing, thanksgiving, and praise for these gracious promises. Glory, thanksgiving, and praise to Thee, who hast done all for us. Our souls shall praise Thee through the endless ages of eternity, and now let Thy Almighty arm be our repose, Thy truth our guide, Thy favor our only hope and eternal reward.

THE virtues of the infirm are meekness, humility, patience, resignation and gratitude for help received.



THE HOUSE IN WHICH MOTHER SETON DIED, JANUARY 4, 1821.

March

I

THIS is not a country for solitude and silence, but for warfare and crucifixion. You are not to stay in His silent agonies of the Garden at night, but go from post to pillar, to the very fastening of the Cross, If you suffer so much the better for our high journey above.

2

RELIGION does not limit the powers of the affections, for our Blessed Saviour sanctifies and approves in us all the endearing ties and connections of our existence. Religion alone can bind that cord over which neither circumstances, time, nor death can have any power. Death, on the contrary, perfects that union which the cares, chances, or sorrows of life may have interrupted, by opening the scene where all the promises, hopes and consolations we have received from our Redeemer will have their triumphant accomplishment.

MARCH

3

HOW liable we are to err in our judgments respecting others except we thoroughly know the motives of their actions.

4

THE congregation of a city may be shabby, yet very pleasing to God; or there may be very bad people in it. Yet that cannot hurt the faith, as I take it. And should the priest himself deserve no more respect than is here allowed him, his ministry of the sacraments would be the same to me if, dearest friend, I shall ever receive them. I seek but God and His church, and expect to find my peace in them, not in the people.

*To a Protestant friend at the time of
Mother Seton's conversion.*

5

TRULY it is a greater mystery how souls for whom He has done such wonderful things should shut themselves out by incredulity from His best of all gifts, this Divine Sacrifice and Holy Eucharist.

MARCH

6

AS to supposing the word of our Lord has failed, and that He suffered His first foundation to be built on by Antichrist, I cannot stop on that without stopping on every other word of our Lord, and being tempted to be no Christian at all. For if the chief church became Antichrist's and the second holds her rights from it, then I should be afraid both might be anti-christian, and I be lost by following either.

At the time of her conversion.

7

CONSIDER, and when you consider, resolve to go meekly to Him. Tell Him you are in want of everything. Beg for the new heart, the right spirit, "and that He will teach you to do the things that please Him."

8

I must jog along the allotted path through all its windings and weariness until it brings me Home where all tears shall be wiped away, and sorrow and sighing be heard no more. In the meanwhile, Courage!

MARCH

9

IF I succeed, I bless God; if I do not succeed, I bless God, for then it will be right that I should not succeed.

10

FOR trials I bless Him most of all. Where should I now be if He had not scourged and bound me? What matters by whose hands? If I get to His kingdom, what matters how? The Captain marches on. Oh, Yes we follow; we follow.

11

WITH what tender piety and love do we regard those who are dear to us when we see them walking in a path that leads to sorrow and pain, unconscious of their danger.

12

PENANCE is the purifier of the soul.

13

NOTHING can be worse than a state of dependence. But if it is my allotment it cannot be better than when supplied by the hand of real friendship.

MARCH

14

I returned home, light of heart and cool of head, the first time these many long months, but not without begging Our Lord to wrap my heart deep in that opened side so well represented in the beautiful crucifixion, or lock it up in His little tabernacle, where I shall now rest forever.

*March 14, 1805, the day Mother Seton
was received into the Church.*

15

HOW awful those words of unloosing after a thirty years' bondage! I felt as if my chains fell, as those of St. Peter, at the touch of the Divine Messenger. My God! what new scenes for my soul.

The day of Mother Seton's first confession.

16

WHEN the spirit is left to linger in a wasting, frame, its powers inactive, burdened with the accumulated infirmities and pains of our human nature, how shall it form or progress in that union with the Divine Nature which we are well assured must form the happiness of our future existence.

MARCH

17

“**T**HROUGH divine love and grace.” Not to speak of anyone unless to their advantage, nor of myself unless of God’s goodness. To avoid all curiosity. Not to express any discontent. To be silent when consistent with duty. Not to be angry with anything but what displeases God. To rise as soon as I awake. To be gentle to the children and humble to everybody. To be regular with the children in lessons, etc. To lift up my heart on all occasions, great and small, to Him.

18

MY God, my faithful God, my Heaven, my Eternity!

19

IF ever a soul did make a fair inquiry about faith, our Lord knows that mine did; and every day of life more and more increases my gratitude to Him for having made me what I am.

20

THIS union of my soul with God is my wealth in poverty and joy in deepest afflictions.

MARCH

21

NEAREST Rebecca, now your sufferings are over; faith and hope are no more for you, but love enjoys and triumphs for eternity. So pure the sky over the dear graves; Rebecca's already well covered with greenest moss, and even a little violet in full flower on it. A long silence there—but Communion tomorrow again, and next day, and next day.

*Concerning her little daughter, Rebecca, who died
November 3, 1816, at the age of 14.*

22

IN the Annunciation I shall be made one with Him who said: "Unless ye eat the flesh of the Son of Man, and drink His blood, ye shall not have life in you." I count the days and hours; yet a few more of hopes and expectation and then! How bright is the sun these morning walks to the church for preparation—deep snow or smooth ice, all is to me the same; I see nothing but the bright little cross on St. Peter's steeple.

Shortly before her First Holy Communion.


23

AT all events, happen now what will, I rest in God.

At the time of her conversion.

MARCH

24

Y dearest Anna, you must remember that our Blessed Lord gave us the parable of the wise and the foolish virgins to make us careful to choose our part with the wise ones and to keep in readiness for His coming—which will be in an hour we know not of; and should He find us, dear child, out of the road of our duty, like sheep gone astray from their shepherd, where shall we hide from His presence who can see through the darkest shades and bring us from the farthest ends of the world? If we would please Him and be found among His Children, we must learn what our duty is, pray to Him for grace to do it, and then set our whole heart and soul to perform it. And what is your duty, my dear, dear child? You know it and I pray God to keep you in it, that in that blessed day when He shall come to call us to our heavenly home, we may see our Anna in the number of those dear children to whom He will say, “Come, ye blessed of my Father;”
Oh! may He grant this for the sake of our dear and merciful Redeemer, is the prayer of your own mother.


To her little daughter, Anna.



VIEW OF THE CHAPEL, SAINT JOSEPH'S, EMMITSBURG, MD.

MARCH

25

T last, at last, God is mine and I am His. Now let all earthly things go as they will, I have received Him. The awful impressions of the evening before! fears of not having done all to prepare, and yet the transports of confidence and hope in His goodness. My God! to the last breath of life I will remember this night of watching for the break of day, the fearful, beating heart so pressing to be off; the long walk to town, but every step brought me nearer that street, then nearer that Tabernacle, near to the moment He would enter the poor little dwelling so all His own. And when He did come, the first thought I remember was "Let God arise, let His enemies be scattered," for it seemed to me my King had come to take His throne, and instead of the humble tender welcome I had expected to give Him, it was but a triumph of joy and gladness that the Deliverer was come, and my defense, and strength, and salvation made mine for this world and the next. Now all the joy of my heart found vent, and so far, truly, I feel the powers of my soul held fast by Him who has taken possession of His little kingdom.

*To a friend, the day of her
First Holy Communion.*

MARCH

26

I am gently, quietly, silently a Catholic; the difficulties are all past; only a few knotty ones there are who must talk of something, and the worst they say is: "so much trouble has turned her brain." Then I kiss my crucifix, which I have loved for so many years, and say—they are simply mistaken.

27

I am satisfied to sow in tears if I may reap in joy.

28

WID we make a practice of considering, with calm and dispassionate meditation, that the hour of death must come to all, whether they reflect or not—its uncertainty, the pains, weaknesses, and often extreme anguish our parting nature experiences, and what is still worse, the possibility that we may be summoned without any warning at all—it would be taking no more precaution than we would allow to the commonest events of life, were we to give our soul a few minutes of every every day to beg mercy and grace in that momentous struggle.

MARCH

29

I have observed, that any good resolutions or exercises begun at the recurring period of our birthday, are more seriously impressed upon the mind, when we reflect that a birthday, on earth more easily transfers our thoughts to the birthday of our future existence. And it is very useful to devote that day, from year to year, to examine our soul's account in full, on the progress we have made in approaching that heavenly perfection to which we tend.

30

AN Easter communion now, in my green pastures, amidst the refreshing fountains for which I thirsted so long. You would not believe how the Holy Week puzzled me, unless at the time of the Divine Sacrifice so commanding, and yet already so familiar, for my wants and necessities—that speak for itself; but having no book to explain and direct in the other offices, I was quite at a loss. I made it up, however, with the only thought, my God is here; He sees me; every sign and desire is known to Him; and so I would say the dear Litany of Jesus or some of the psalms, and mostly that lovely hymn to the Blessed Sacrament in which we say:.....

“Faith for all defects supplying,
Where the feeble senses fail.”

The year of her conversion.

MARCH

31

TO think of the necessity of preparing for a blessed death does not require sadness or a painful exercise of mind. On the contrary, considering through faith and hope in the merits of our Divine Redeemer, that we are His children and the purchase of His blood, we more naturally anticipate with joy the hour which will deliver us from the dangers we constantly experience.

April

I

OY own child of Eternity,—let peace and love stay with you in your pains, and they will lighten and sweeten them all. Oh, the love of your Mother in heaven! Oh, the delight of your good angel, presenting every moment of suffering to your crucified Saviour, who counts your sufferings with His! My soul's darling, moments and hours pass so quickly to our glorious, happy eternity.

To her daughter, Rebecca.

2

BUT, my dear one, we must take all in this world as it passes. If only you will cultivate the true spirit of a man, and give your noble soul its rights, and our God His rights, so immense and endearing. Oh, my son, keep your heart high with mine. Our God will turn all right for us, if only you will be faithful to Him. My very soul wraps itself around yours, is all I can say.

To her son, William.

APRIL

3

HERE can be no disappointment where the soul's only desire and expectation is to meet His adored will and fulfill it.

4

I find in proportion as my heart is more drawn towards the summit, it looks back with added tenderness to everyone I have ever loved; much more to those who have long possessed its entire and truest attachment.

5

ETERNITY—oh, how near it seems to me now! Oh, how long will be the duration of the beautiful day in which there is no night. Oh, that we may spend it in praising, blessing and adoring forever.

6

IF I were a man, all the world should not stop me; I would go straight in Xavier's footsteps; the waters of the abyss and the expanded sky should be well explored. But I must wait until I get higher than seas or skies.

APRIL

7

GOD bless you, my loved child. Remember Mother's first and last lesson to you; seek God in all things. In all your actions submit your motives to this unerring test, "Will this be approved of by His all-seeing eye?" If you do this you will live in His presence, and will preserve the graces of your First Communion. You will never see Mother again on earth. May we meet in heaven!

To one of the pupils at St. Joseph's.

8

NOW is it then, O my Adored, that I am called and so many left? It is not that Thy voice is silent to them, but their hearts sleep. Keep mine, sweet Mercy, ever on the watch; let it never know a moment's repose but in Thee. Turn its dearest joys to sorrows, its fondest hopes to anguish, only fasten it forever unchangeably to Thyself.

9

NEVER mind the drink. . . . one Communion more and then eternity.

On her deathbed, to one of the Sisters, who had offered her a prescribed potion.

APRIL

10

Remain the daily subject of that boundless mercy; the mist of darkness dispersed, and, if even at the eleventh hour, yet permitted to work in the vineyard and gather the fruits of eternal life. Glory be to God forever!

11

FOR my part I find so much contentment in the love of God that I am obliged to think with consideration to find out how anyone can raise one's eyes to the light of heaven and be insensible to it.

12

AS obedience is the most pleasing homage to the Sovereign Master, I am certainly not going astray while I act only through obedience.

13

WHAT are the workings of fancy in sleep? Whose secret finger weaves the web? It was but a web yet I sensibly pressed the Sacred Host close to my heart after saving it from the hand of one who ridiculed my faith in its divine essence; and whilst I was lost in adoration and love, but much agitated, I awoke.

APRIL

14

HE who is our All has many ways of consoling His little atoms.

15

THE nearer a soul is truly united to God, the more its sensibilities are increased to every being of His creation; much more to those whom it is bound to love by the tenderest and most endearing ties.

16

MERCIFUL God, thou knowest how unsuited I am to the charge that has been committed to me; I, whose sins have crucified Thee so often, and who ought to blush in shame and confusion!


17

A night of watching and fevers with many Glorias. How joyfully faith triumphs; it is in the hour of pain and affliction it feels its joy. While like a bird of passage tired, how sweet to see her always before, beckoning the harassed soul to bear up its wings and press forward!


From her Conversion Journal.

APRIL

18


NE sweet sacrifice will unite my soul with
our All who offers it.

19

OU say it is mortifying to receive. Oh, Antonio, how little you can judge of the mortification I have experienced, if you would call it mortification to receive from you! On the contrary it has been as a great triumph to me, as if your purse were mine and I had it to bestow; but true mortification is to depend on those who neither cherish you for the love of God nor love of yourself.


To Antonio Filicchi her great benefactor.

20


HE Angels of God accompanied the faithful when the light of His truth only dawned in the world. And now that the day sprung from on high has visited, and exalted our nature to a union with the Divinity, will these beneficent beings be less associated or delighted to dwell with the soul that is panting for heavenly joys and longing to join in their eternal Alleluias? Oh, no, I will imagine them always surrounding me and in every moment will sing with them, "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Hosts, heaven and earth are full of Thy glory!"

APRIL

21


H, the goodness of our God is everything.

22


UFFERINGS are the ties, the bands, which fasten and unite us to our Dearest!

To her little daughter, Rebecca.

23

FTEN does the perishing body enjoy happiness while the soul is still imprisoned in the shades of darkness. This day it flies to him, the merciful giver of these unspeakable blessings without a fear or one drawback but the dread of that frailty returning which has so often sunk it in the depth of sorrow. Merciful Father graciously save it from the worst of all misery. . . . that of offending its adored Benefactor and friend.

24

OVERTY and sorrow! I know that many divine graces accompany your path, and change the stings of penance for the ease of conscience and the solitude of the desert for the society of the angels!

APRIL

25

YES, my Cecilia, favored of heaven, associate of angels, beloved child of Jesus, you shall have the victory, and He the glory! To Him be glory forever, who has called you to so glorious a combat and so tenderly supports you through it! You will triumph, for it is Jesus who fights, not you, my dear one. Oh, no! young and timid, weak and irresolute, the lamb could not stem the torrent nor stand the beating storm, but the tender Shepherd takes it on His shoulder, casts His cloak about it, and the happy trembler finds itself at home before it knows its journey is half finished; and so, my dear one, will it be with you!

To her sister-in-law, Cecilia Seton.

26

OH, Food of Heaven, how my soul longs for you with desire! Seed of Heaven, pledge of its immortality, of that eternity it pants for. Come, come my Jesus, bury yourself within this heart. It shall do its best to preserve that warmth which will bring forth the fruits of eternity. Oh, amen, Our Jesus.

27

MY God and my All. . . my soul! Oh, you can make the purchase of so infinite a good so immense an inheritance for the smallest trifle.

APRIL

28

DOUBT and fear fly from the breast inhabited by Him. There can be no disappointment where the soul's only desire and expectation is to meet His Adored will and fulfill it.

29

WHAT is sorrow, what is death? They are but sounds when at peace with Jesus.

30

MY object in pronouncing my vows is to embrace Poverty, under whose roof I desire to live and die; Chastity, so lovable and so beautiful, that I truly find all my happiness in cultivating it; and above all, Obedience, the sure refuge and safeguard of my soul.

*After she became the first American
Sister of Charity.*

May

I

MAY we never, never leave the sheltering wing; but dwelling now in the shadow of the cross we will cheerfully gather the thorns which will hereafter be turned into a joyful crown.

2

HAPPEN what will, our Tabernacle is always firm.

3

O the last sad silence, the soul departing without hope; its views, its interest centered in a world it is hurried from. Eternity! a word of transport or of agony!

4

BES so it is: to be mortal and the companion of care and sorrow has the same meaning.

MAY

5

AT Vespers, the organ, hymns, and benediction (with the heavy rain out of doors), and the quiet state of interior peace in His divine presence, place the soul in excelsis. Happy, happy! Merciful God! and how many would enjoy it still more perhaps than we, could they taste the bliss of Faith.

6

BUT at all events, how safe we are under the shadow of the Cross!

7

IN the multitude of Thy mercies I have again entered Thy house, and worshipped in Thy holy Temple. I have received the longing desire of my soul. Merciful Lord, and a privilege!

From her Conversion Journal

8

BUT first, the battle must be won, the thorny road passed over. Look up! He is ever a witness of your struggles. Put all your trust in Him.

MAY

9

I may submit to slavery as a dispensation of Divine Providence, but yet I must not cease to sigh for liberty if it could enable me to serve Him better.

10

BLESSED, blessed Lord, keep us always in Thy company and press our weak hearts forever in Thy service.

11

ETERNITY! . . . and so soon it may open to me. Purest intentions, then, my soul; closest and dearest union with the sorrows and pains of our Jesus.

12

THE reward of sacrifice is peace.

13

KEEP your heart at rest. Never can you find a surer way of obtaining all your desires than that of leaving all to God, who delights to grant the wishes even for this life if you are full of confidence.

MAY

14

BUT as in every other instance, now too, I look up in silent acquiescence, adoring that dear Hand which will one day show every apparently dark and mysterious event in the most perfect concord of harmony and wisdom.

15

WHO can bind the soul which God sets free?

16

THE ocean was once a world of wonder and delight to me. My horizon now is equally limited and my dear ones are within it; therefore, away that regret.

Shortly after her conversion.

17


THE happiness of a soul reaching forward to eternity! How sure, how real, how quiet, and how resigned through its journey! Nothing but sin can afflict it.

18


SIGH to the Baptist to obtain a portion of his spirit, that you may perform your penance cheerfully.

MAY


19

 heavenly bliss! delight past all expression! How consoling how sweet the presence of Jesus to the harassed and longing soul; it is instant peace and balm to every wound.


20

 F course you are a prisoner. . . . but a "Prisoner of the Lord." Blessed be His name. You could not be one without His permission; nor I, with a burning fever day and night, unless He willed it. Sweet and peaceful is His spirit which gives patience and even joyful resignation.

21

 E ought to be pleased with every inconvenience which shortens the absence from our Home.

22

 am at rest my darling, while you are mounting the heights of Zion. After, too, I sleep in the garden while you are sharing the bitter cup but it is not thus to be long. His mercies are endless, and I shall not be without my portion.

To her young sister-in-law, Cecilia Seton, who was undergoing great persecution from her Protestant relatives because of her embracing the True Faith.

MAY

23

BLESSED Lord, what is pain, what is anguish, while the soul lies at your dear feet?

24

MAY your dear Angel in the heavy hour inspire your thoughts to rise to their heavenly standard. Think! when He comes in glory how we shall triumph for having spent our few and fleeting years in His service. Eternity! remember eternity.

25

YOU think life long and tedious. Look at the eternity of bliss to repay it.

26

OH! that my soul might ascend with my blessed Lord! Thy will be done, my time is in Thy hands. But, O my Saviour, while the pilgrimage of this life must still go on, to fulfill Thy gracious purpose raise us up by a life of faith with Thee. It is true the journey is long, the burden heavy, but the Lord delivers His faithful servant from all their troubles, and sometimes even allows them hours of sweetest peace as the earnest of future blessedness-

Ascension Day.

MAY

27

MY becoming a Catholic was a very simple consequence of going to a Catholic country, where it was impossible for any one interested in any religion not to see the wide difference between the first established Faith given by our Lord and spread by His Apostles, and the various forms it has since taken in other countries. As I had always delighted in reading the Scriptures, I had so deep an impression of the mysteries of Divine revelation, that though full of the sweet thought that every good and well-meaning soul was right, I determined when I came home to learn both in duty to my children and my own soul, all I was capable of understanding on the subject.

28

MAY His protecting wing be over you through all the storms.

29

YESTERDAY I thought the hours passed in devotion the most precious of any I had yet experienced. Not called to any active duty more than that which every day presents, it seemed as if communion with God by prayer, and the quiet discharge of the necessary affairs of life produced the sweetest peace this world afforded.

This day, from nine in the morning till six in

MAY

the evening, I have watched a fellow-mortal on the bed of pain, not a moment withdrawn from the most acute suffering: the straining eye, the grasping hand, the distorted limbs and groaning spirit have all declared the hand of chastening mercy awakening a soul to a sense of its corruption and its approaching separation from its frail tenement. After six hours of undisturbed sleep, when the stars were disappearing before the light my soul awoke. The body also sweetly refreshed left it at liberty to adore and to renew its devotion to the Creator, Redeemer, and Sanctifier; all my little flock were resting peaceably within the fold. Well might their mother arise to acknowledge, to praise, and to bless the gracious Shepherd who preserves them safe in His refuge, feeds them with His hand, and leads them to the refreshing stream; well may she follow on confiding them to His care, rejoicing in His presence, triumphing in His protection, and seeking only to express her grateful joy and love: seeking His favor but by submission to His will.

Friday after Ascension.

30

HUMAN passions and weaknesses are never extinct, but they cannot triumph in a heart possessed by Peace. She is lovely; make acquaintance with her. She will not be angry that you neglected her so long.

To a Protestant friend.

IT was the knowledge of the Protestant doctrine with regard to faith that made me a Catholic, for as soon as I found that Episcopalians did not think everybody right, I was convinced that my safe course was to unite with the church in which, at all events, they admitted that I could find salvation, and where also I would be sure of the apostolic succession, as well as have many consolations which no other religion but the Catholic can afford.

June

I

OH, how sweet to be every moment employed in the service and in the sight of the dearest and most generous of masters, who repays with the tenderness of compassionate love, even the good will of His child, however imperfect its execution.

2

TO speak the joy of my soul at the prospect of being asked to assist the poor, visit the sick, comfort the afflicted, clothe little innocents and teach them to love God! There I must stop!

3

SWEET Lord, what a being is ours? Obligated to reduce our aim to a simple view of the little part we fill, and in quiet acceptance insure tranquillity.

4

FAITH lifts the soul, Hope supports it, Experience says it must, and Love says, . . . let it be!

JUNE

5

HAVE confidence! Never let the comparison of time and eternity slip an instant from your mind. I find this cures all sorrow.

6

TRIBULATION is my element; if it only carries me home at last, never mind the present. Year after year passes the last must come.

7

THE corrupt heart begs as Thy greatest mercy to let it bleed and suffer anything, everything, only fit it for Thyself; place only Thy love there, and let humility keep watch.

8

A true joy to me indeed the daily sacrifice, and our frequent and, even when prepared, daily Communion. What a contrast the morning sleep in former days! This union of my soul with God is my wealth in poverty and joy in deepest afflictions.

9

HOW small the world seems when one looks at it from a distance!

JUNE

10

DO renounce our most cherished hopes, to console ourselves with discretion when agony rends our heart, to rescue ourselves from the torpor which accompanies grief, to enter upon an active life when we can find in it neither interest nor even consolation this is proper to virtue and to the superior soul.

11

LOOK up! The highest there were lowest here, and coveted most the poverty and humility which accompanied their and our Master every step of His suffering life.

12

WHAT an extravagant idea it is that piety creates gloominess and disgust. Who think so are unacquainted with the anticipations of a soul whose views are chiefly pointed to another existence; it is inconceivable what liberty, it enjoys. The cares and troubles of life surround it, to be sure, as others; but how different their effect.

13

WE are in the secret of His tabernacle, and there alone is safety, true liberty, and content.

JUNE

14

POVERTY and sorrow! Well, with God's blessing you, too, shall be changed into dearest friends.

To the world you show your outward garments but through them you discover to my soul the palm of victory and triumph and sweet footsteps of my Redeemer leading direct to His kingdom. There let me gently meet you; let me be received in your bosom and be daily conducted by your counsels through the remainder of my destined journey.

15

WHEN you are excited to impatience consider for a moment how much more reason God has to be angry with you, than you can have for anger toward any human being; and yet how constant is His patience and forbearance.

16

YOUR mother ought to say many things, but can say nothing. Look up to the pure heavens in your night watch, my soul's beloved, and you will hear what that soul would say to you, what our beloved ones would say, too. That night watch is more in my mind at night than my sleep. Could you know the blessings invoked upon you!

To her son William, at sea.

JUNE

17

DEATH! Eternity! Oh, how small are all objects of busy, striving, restless, blind mistaken beings, when at the foot of the cross these two prospects are viewed!

18

HAD I arrived at the last stage in the path of suffering, and were I to hear the crumbling of my prison walls I do not know how I would be able to endure my delight.

19

THE heart which is preparing to receive the Holy Eucharist should be like a crystal vase, filled with the purest and most limpid water. We should not allow the slightest impure atom to make its appearance.

20

I do not fear death half as much as I do my weak and detestable person.

21

THEN, dearest Lord! keep me as I am, while I live; for this is true content to hope for nothing, to desire nothing, expect nothing, fear nothing.

JUNE

22

LET all be in the order of His providence neither asking nor refusing. Blessed. . . . a thousand million times. . . His own beloved and blessed Name forever.

23

TO go to my true house, and to be called there by His will, oh, what a transport of happiness!

24

THREE wheels of the old carriage (a term she often applied to her body) are broken down, the fourth very nearly gone; then with the wings of a dove will my soul fly and be at rest.

25

BUT death, my Julia. . . . what is death? and that long, long eternity? My little room has a window looking directly on the woods where my darlings sleep. It keeps up my heart to look there over twenty times a day. . . . first thing in the morning; last at night, and think: no more pain now up, up, the beautiful, joyous souls!

To her friend Mrs. Julia Scott.



"LIKE A LANE INTO HEAVEN THAT LEADS FROM A DREAM."
THE AVENUE WITH CHURCH IN THE DISTANCE

JUNE

26

THE Deceiver comes from time to time to contest with me, but our dear Savior is there behind the veil; and He will keep the wretch at a distance.

27

MY soul's William, I need not tell you to rise above the clouds that surround us. You know well enough that we must pass our course of trials with the rest of human beings; that those who have the least of them are not the most enviable.

To her son, William.

28

I will do all that I can to keep me on the narrow path which leads me to God alone. The little daily experience of living sweetly and peacefully in His presence, while I force myself to direct whatever little I can, according to His will, and to praise and love Him in the midst of obscurity, as well as under the sun's rays all this will be my only care, my only endeavor!

29

TOMORROW is the Visitation: I hope to go to St. Peter's (St. Peter's Church, New York) on the wings of Aurora.

At the time of her Conversion.

JUNE

30

I am in peace! Peace is found in the midst of fifty children, the whole day long, save early in the morning and late in the evening. One cannot get away from order and regularity here. I am completely given up to that manner of life which, in the world, passes for hypocrisy or something of that sort. This, my manner of living, you understand, is to watch over twenty persons who are joined in a bond of common love and interest, and sharing in all that concerns them. I am as a mother surrounded by numerous offspring; their dispositions are different; they are not all equally lovable, nor conform to all that pleases me, but the mother is bound to love them all, to instruct them and to provide for their happiness: to furnish an example of cheerfulness and peace and resignation, considering each one in particular, and not according to the grades of merit or demerit, but as proceeding from the same source, and tending to the same end.

July

I

HE who works my fate has no need of any other help from me, but the good will to do His Will, and an entire abandonment to His good Providence.

2

PAIN and resignation instead of Holy Communion this day. But in sufferings He is most near, while weeping under His cross we are there content to stay.

3

MY Almighty God, what then am I? And if in the short and feeble sight of mortality so deeply dyed, what then is the searching light of thy truth and justice? My Jesus, my Savior, hide me. Yes, again I begin. Nothing is done. Oh, my God, how short may be my time, help me, draw me on!

JULY

4

OUR Master is too good to us, that is all I can say, even if we end our lives as He lived, without a place to lay His head.

5

THE soul with body is overpowered: the one wants rest, the other sleeps when it should wake. Can it be indifferent that it will not be tomorrow under the banner of its blessed mother, while so many faithful ones are offering up their vows? Divine communion! which neither absence nor death (except the eternal) can destroy. . . . the bond of Faith and Charity uniting all.

6

PRECIOUS child! Your mother's doating heart begs Him to cut you down as the early blossom rather than live to once offend Him.

To her daughter, Catherine.

7

PAIN and debility! Poor, poor mortality! Sin and death spread the snare. Who shall deliver? The things of heaven, earth, and hell shall bow to His adored name. He will deliver.

JULY

8

IF we beheld a soul after baptism with the eyes of faith, we would see angels taking their watch around it.

9

LOOK up to the blue heavens and love Him!

To her son, William.

10

CAN there be any actual sorrow in that soul which confidently says: "My God and My All?"

11

KEEP on with hard-earned, but eternal, blissful merit.

12

IN every disappointment, great or small, let your dear heart fly direct to Him, to your Saviour, throwing yourself into His arms for refuge in every pain and sorrow; He will never leave you nor forsake you.

JULY

13

SO many Communion and confessions with so little fruit, often suggest the idea of lessening them—to fly from the fountain while in danger of dying of thirst! But in a moment He lifts up the soul from the dust.

14

MERCIFUL Lord, give me the spirit of penance, humility, and meekness which moved St. Nicholas while on earth, and gave him the appearance of a seraph; make my poor soul a sharer in his merit, and number me among the family of my blessed patron through Him, in Him, who redeemed me, and raises the lowest from the dust.

15

LET them plough, let them grind, so much the better, the grain will be sooner prepared for its owner; whereas, should I step forward and take my own cause in hand, the Father of the widow and the orphan would say I distrust Him. Shall we make schemes and plans of human happiness which we must be so uncertain in obtaining, and if obtained, hush—death, eternity? Oh, *sursum corda!* we know better than to be cheated by such attractions. No; we will offer the hourly sacrifice, and drink our cup to the last drop, and we, when least expecting it, will enter into our rest.

JULY

16

THOSE who have known His will and done it not shall receive many stripes.

17

HE will not leave you one moment, nor suffer the least harm to approach you; not one tear shall fall to the ground, nor one sigh of love be lost.

18

ME treasure in this life a fleeting shadow; — how soon to vanish! Oh! let us fix the eyes upwards.

19

YOU will congratulate me in being quite in earnest in seeking “the Pearl.” It is best to be obliged to conquer the principle most apt to blind me in my pursuit; and my daily object is, to keep close to your first advice (with St. Francis,) to take every event gently and quietly, and oppose good nature and cheerfulness to every contradiction; which succeeds so well that now it is an acknowledged opinion, that Mrs. William Seton is in a very happy situation; and Mr. Wilkes says, speaking of his possessions: — “Yet Providence does not do so much for me as for you, for it makes

JULY

you happy and contented in every situation." Yes indeed; for how can he build who has not the Rock for his foundation? But Mrs. William Seton is obliged to watch every moment in order to keep up the reality of this appearance. You know, Filicchi, what it costs to be always humble and satisfied; though really when this disposition is familiarized, it is the true treasure. Do, do pray continually for the salvation of that soul which has already cost you so much care.

Antonio Filicchi, her great benefactor.

20

TODAY is Rebecca's birthday. She would be sixteen! But she counts time no more. What a thought—to go to her! to our Annina! to go to God!

Concerning her two little daughters, Anna and Rebecca, in a letter to one of her old pupils.

21

IN the multitude of Thy mercies I have again entered Thy house, and worshiped in Thy holy temple. Receive the longing desire of my soul. Merciful Lord! what a privilege! And my dearest Anna too: the bands of nature and grace all twined together. . . . the parent offers the child, the child her parent; and both are united in the source of their being, and rest together on redeeming love.

JULY

22

WHILE enjoying the greatest happiness on earth (Holy Communion) which I obtain some times three times a week (the weather and children now and then hinder,) imagine the effusions of warm affections at that moment of grateful joy and triumph;—conscious that nothing in this world can add to or take from this infinite Good which supplies the place of all other to the confiding soul; whose very desolation in human possessions is the best foundation for this unfailing happiness. And then, how came this knowledge to my soul? Whose blessed hands guided it to its only Treasure? Who encouraged it when sinking, and drew it on when afraid of its own salvation?—And my darling children; I teach them to consider you the source of all our consolation.

*To Philip Filicchi who was instrumental
in bringing her into the church.*

23

BUT care, somehow, knocks long at my door without admittance; or, if she surprises me, finds no room for her restless disposition.

24

LOOKING up steadily spares the pain, both of retrospection and anticipation.

JULY

25

UPON my word, it is very pleasant to have the name of being persecuted and yet enjoy the sweetest favors. Neglected and forsaken, yet cherished and most tenderly indulged by God's most favored servants and friends.

26

H, Anna, mother of Mary! how glorious! how dear a delight to be so closely related to Mary!

Feast of St. Anne.

27

SORROW and death—their real sense is the loss of His dear love.

28

YOUR sufferings press hard. But look at your sins.

29

HOW can I ever hope to direct others? I who am so wretched, so imperfect, and at the same time so lacking in self-knowledge.

JULY

30

I am in possession of the greatest earthly happiness, partaking frequently of the Holy Communion, which I receive three times a week, when the care of my children or the bad weather does not prevent me from going to church. No words can express the burning effusions of my heart, its sentiments and tenderness, its joy, its gratitude, its triumph when it assures itself that nothing on earth can add to or take from its infinite treasure,—dear treasure which takes the place of all else to a submissive and confiding soul which regards each of its desolations, each of its losses of terrestrial things as an assured pledge of eternal felicity.

And now, whence has come to me the understanding of all this; who is He whose blessed hand has guided my steps toward my only treasure, who has encouraged my failing spirit, who has made me go forward when I trembled for my own salvation?

31

HE who sits above smiles at the anxious calculating heart, and makes everything easy to the simple and confiding.

August

I



HO can tell us how much future peace is to be the reward of sacrifice?

2

WELL, the ways of Providence are mysterious indeed as to human nature but most dearly may we distinguish in them the process of the Divine pervading all, lifting the child of mortality above its sphere and making darkness light—if only we may experience that constant separation from the spirit of the world which now bestows such sweetness and rest to conscience, we ought most freely and thankfully yield ourselves as osiers in that dear hand which only intends to sever the grain from the chaff and will one day put us in His treasure house. resigning the most innocent and dearest joys of its existence without a sigh but that which ascends for His love to supply the place of all—He is all,—heavenly treasure unfailing and surpassing joy—Bliss of Eternity.

AUGUST

3

SOME little beings are born to be treasured, while others are treated with less attention by those who give them birth than they receive from hirelings. But often those who want the fostering indulgent bosom of a parent to rest on get cheerfully through the world, whilst the child of hope will have its prospects darkened by unthought-of disappointments. But there is a Providence which never sleeps.

4

THREE times a week I beg for you with my whole soul in the hour of favor when nothing is denied to faith. Imagine your poor little wandering sister standing on the Rock, and admitted so often to the spring of Eternal life, the healing balm of every wound. Indeed, if I wore a galling chain and lived on bread and water I ought to feel the transport of gratitude; but peace of mind and a sufficient share of exterior comfort with the inexhaustible treasure keeps my soul in a state of constant comparison between the Giver and receiver, the former days and the present. Hope, always awake, whispers, "Mercy for the future"; as for the past, Antonio, you who planned this picture for me first loosened the bandage from my eye. I need not answer!

*To Antonio Filicchi the first to explain
to her the teaching of Catholicism.*

AUGUST

5

THESE are my happiest days. Sometimes the harassed mind, wearied with continual contradiction to all it would most covet—solitude, silence, peace—sighs for a change. But five minutes' recollection procures an immediate act of resignation. Convinced that this is the day of salvation for me, if, like a coward, I should run away from the field of battle, I am sure the very peace I seek would fly from me, and the state of penance sanctified by the will of God would be again wished for as the safest and surest road.

6

BUT as in every other instance, now, too, I look up in silent acquiescence, adoring that dear Hand which will some day show every apparently dark and mysterious event in the most beautiful and perfect perspective of wisdom and harmony.

7

MERCIFUL institution (Penance)! What consolations does it not give to a poor soul seeking relief.

8

MOST acceptable must it be to Him who has commanded us to carry our cross.

AUGUST

9

ST. Thomas of Jesus, one of the hermits of Saint Augustine, says (most for my consolation), that our blessed Lord often separates us from whatever we love most, that He may take their place in our hearts — divesting us of everything, that we may be alone with Him and so enjoy unutterable peace; while we dwell on earth, converse in Heaven, and lead an angelic life in our prisons of clay. Also that the happiness of the soul consists in the unity of its love, and its misery in the multiplicity of its desires. Is not this delightful?

10

PRAISE the Lord O my soul—Praise Him that the blessed impulse and grace may rebound to thy own happiness and glory, for to Him thy praise can add nothing, to thyself it is now the means of grace and comfort and hereafter will be thy pleasure and joy thro' Eternity.

11

THIS is St. Clare's day. What did she not suffer in opposing the world? How tender and faithful was the love of her Agnes who followed her. Shall we one day be happy? He only knows who holds us in His hand; but this we know, that "sorrow is not immortal," nor can we suffer long whether severed or united.

AUGUST

12

SWEET is the Providence that overrules us.

13

WHAT a trifle is your best service to God; and our Savior calls them merits. That is He covers them with His own merits.

14

TO live forgotten and unloved is a part of Christian perfection.

15

ASSUMPTION, Blessed Lord, grant me that humility and love which has crowned her for eternity.

16

O the glory of Mary since her Assumption! Rejoicing of Angels on her arrival in heaven. Her passing through the different hierarchies of angels and saints. Jesus crowning her. Her continual praise to God and intercession for us. The beginning of her eternity.



SISTERS OF CHARITY ASSISTING AT HOLY MASS, AUGUST 10, 1928, AT THE OLD "STONE HOUSE," THE CRADLE OF THE COMMUNITY, THE ONE HUNDRED AND NINETEENTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE FIRST MASS SAID IN ST. JOSEPH'S VALLEY.

AUGUST

17

BUT it is expected I shall be the mother of many daughters.

*Shortly after the foundation of the
Sisters of Charity.*

18

LET us beg our Lord to hasten the time of our reunion.

19

TO receive the Daily Bread and to do the Sacred Will—that is the fixed point.

20

WHEN the scene is about to close, things will wear so different an aspect you would be very glad to have been among the number of those who look beyond it.

21

HI! to us who look beyond the pains and separation of our present existence, how sweet is the hope of an eternal reunion in the presence of our Lord!

AUGUST

22

I hope your cross may increase until it purifies you like God; and woe to you if, knowing so well how rich a treasure you have, you do not let it work its effect in you.

23

WHAT would I consider my life if it could obtain your true happiness! You know what happiness; not that of the present passing hour, of course, but that which is infinite.

24

BE not insensible to the thousand countless motives we have to love the best of Beings, and it will grow right at last; that is, if you will *love*.

25

ALL this starting of Nature from separation and death is after all more selfish than rational.

26

THE grave is so dark; but so bright to the longing, desiring, active soul of the prisoner looking beyond its narrow passage to the fields of everlasting verdure.

AUGUST

27

WHENEVER you see the sun set, lift your heart and pierce beyond His golden clouds.

28

ST. Augustine and my happy birthday, the first in the course of thirty-three years in which the soul has sincerely rejoiced that it exists for immortality. When Hope has ventured to step forward she has never been separate from fears, apprehensions, sighs, and the trembling of nature. To-day she, exulting, exclaims: "Thou hast drawn me from the mire and set me upon a rock; Thou hast put a new song in my mouth—the song of salvation to my God." And now the sacrifice of all is again renewed. The soul awaits Thy will in certain hope, pressing forward to eternity, reaching out for the things ahead, looking steadfastly upward. How sure, how real, its happiness; resigned in affliction, it finds no bitterness in sorrow unmixed with sin. Keep me only from such sorrow, dearest Lord, and for every other be glory to Thee forever.

Conversion Journal.

29

G my Jesus, my soul's delight!

AUGUST

30

I find so much contentment in the love of God, that I am obliged to consider how any one can raise his eyes to the light of heaven and be insensible to it.

31

LET us not stop a moment, but sigh incessantly for that happy hour when we shall be together, absorbed in the ocean of His love which is now our life, our hope, our consolation.

September

I

WHEN a soul puts all its trust in God, feeling itself prepared to renounce everything and to consider the dearest ties of life as less than nothing when compared to the worth of His love; when this soul, having seriously resolved to serve and obey God, sees itself attacked by the lower instincts of nature, and in spite of its prayers, tears, penances the most rigorous, tempted at least apparently to yield to the humiliating suggestions of evil, oh, this is assuredly the work of the enemy of salvation.

2

THE sleep and dreams of life. The horizon of futurity. The awakening to another life: dawning of eternity. Rising sun of immortality, beauty, splendor, angelic singing, views immense. Jesus—infinity itself, boundless light, all delight, all bliss, all God. All this may be tomorrow, if only from the sleep and dreams of life I may, through penance and innocence, truly awaken in Jesus.

SEPTEMBER

3

PLENTY of people in this world mind planning and opinions, but how few build in God and are silent like our own Jesus!

4

I see the door of my eternity so wide open that I turn too wild, sometimes. Oh, if all goes well for me, what will I not do for those I love? But, alas! Yet if I am not one of His elect, it is I only to be blamed; and when going down, I must still lift the hands to the very last look in praise and gratitude for all He has done to save me. What more could He have done?

5

SUCH multitudes in spiritual distress and desolation! Oh, what motives for prayer and exertions of every loving soul!

6

TRUST all, indeed, to Him my dear one; put all in His hands, and we shall see, by and by, when we get home to our Jerusalem, how good and tender He has been in giving you a thorny crown.

To her little daughter, Rebecca, who was undergoing great sufferings.

SEPTEMBER

7

IF a mother's love could be a fortune to you, you would be rich indeed! Alas, it is poor coin in this world; but be assured it will bear interest in heaven, where it solicits, I may truly say day and night, every blessing on you.

To her son, William.

8

EAST of the Nativity: Passed in illness—not without many sighs and aspirations to her whose example has been so often set before me. Her humble, meek, and faithful heart—will it ever be? Can I, now so contrary, ever approach to the smallest resemblance? My God, my God, have mercy.

9

WE must pray literally without ceasing, I mean that prayer of the heart which is independent of time and place, which is rather a habit of lifting up the heart to God, as in a constant communication with him.

10

CHILD of Calvary! Child of the Cross! Of the past, nothing should remain but sorrow for sin; of the future, nothing anticipated but the hope of heaven; of the present one sole and only aim to fulfill in every moment His adorable will.

To her Daughter, Rebecca.

SEPTEMBER

11

LINK by link the blessed chain:
One body in Christ—He the head, we the members.
One Faith—by His word and His church.
One Baptism—and participation of His Sacraments.
One Hope—Him in heaven and eternity.
One Spirit—diffused through the Holy Ghost in us all.
One God—our dear Lord.
One Father—we His children.
He above all, through all, and in all. On, my soul, be fastened link by link, strong as death.

12

TH my Jesus!.....Let me mount to Thee
on the steps of humility, on which Thou
camest down to me.

13

I see nothing in this world but the blue sky
and the altars: all the rest is so plainly not to
be looked at, but to be left to Him, with
tears only for sin.

14

CORAL, in the ocean, is a strip of pale green.
Remove it from its native bed, it becomes
firm, does not bend, and is almost like a
rock. Its tender color is changed to a bright

SEPTEMBER

vermilion, so it is with us, submerged in the ocean of this world, subject to the vicissitudes of its waves, ready to yield under the force of each wave of temptation.

But as soon as our soul elevates itself and as soon as it sighs for heaven, the pale green of our feeble hope is transformed into the pure vermilion of this divine and constant love. There we look upon the overthrow of nature and the fall of empires with unshakable constancy and confidence.

15

I have been reading of the “High and lofty One who inhabits Eternity” and selecting such passages as I wish to transmit to my daughter. How the world lessens and recedes—How calm and peaceful are hours spent in such solitude. They are marked down for useful purposes and their memory remains.

16

I do not suffer, I am weak, it is true; but every day passes so calmly and happily. If this is the path that leads to death, there is nothing so peaceful or sweet.

17

I do not look either before or behind, but go straight on, according to my former rule of conduct, and do not regard human calculations.

SEPTEMBER

18

DIVINE Communion! which neither absence nor death (except the eternal) can destroy—the bond of faith and charity. . . . uniting all.

19

AGAIN and again this poor heart is offered in every way He will make use of it. How small a tribute for the daily debt!

20

PURIFY your hearts that they may appear to Him like bright little stars at the bottom of a fountain.

21

HAPPY, happy child, how sweet must be your converse with that Divine Spirit which puts into your heart, yet so inexperienced, so untutored, the science of the saints. How must those blessed beings rejoice over you, while walking so steadfastly in their path and their sufferings!

22

NOW earnestly I have often begged Him to turn my most innocent sweets to bitter if it would bring me nearer to Him.

SEPTEMBER

23

Taste the sweetness of His Presence, and feed on the bread of angels which warms, cheers, soothes, contents and renews my whole being.

24

HAVING walked with my blessed patron (St. Augustine) in the paths of sin and darkness and been brought like him to light and liberty, guide me also with Thy Almighty hand through the dangers of my pilgrimage.

Her Conversion Journal.

25

YES, we must learn the hard lesson of submission; and once this has been accomplished, everything that comes after will be rendered easy.

26

O sweet Mercy, how kindly you are mixed in every cup.

27

HUMAN passions and weaknesses to be sure are never extinct but they cannot triumph in a heart possessed by Peace.

SEPTEMBER

28

MY Rebecca! "*Chere Benoni*:" child of sorrow, we will awaken in Jesus together, forever; no more His children of sorrow but of everlasting joy unspeakable.

Her daughter, Rebecca.

29

Feast of St. Michael:

THE sigh of the wretched hails thee, glorious friend. My soul claims thy patronage by its fervent affection and confidence in thy protection against its enemy. How he triumphs in that poor soul! Poor, poor soul, in the hour of peace and serenity how confidently you asserted your fidelity, how sincerely embraced pain and suffering in anticipation; and now that only one finger of His hand, whose whole weight you deserve, is upon you: recollection is lost, nature struggles, sorrow overpowers, and pain takes you captive. Oh! my soul, who shall deliver? My Jesus arise and let Thy enemies be scattered. Shelter my sinking spirit under his banner who cries out: "Who is like unto God?"

30

BUT for the desire of our dear Eternity everything else is like the flying clouds.



THE FIRST SISTERS OF CHARITY

October

I

HAPPY, happy blessed Mother! You are reunited to Him whose absence was your desolation. Pity me; pray for me. It is my sweet consolation to think that you are pleading for the poor wretched wanderer.

2

IF you could be made to see with the eyes of your soul, and pierce these clouds of mortal cares which conceal from you the perspective of Eternity, I would be glad to see you, too—dare I say it—yes, to see you under the iron hand which would conduct you to His feet, to the feet of your Father who, when once you acknowledged His claims, would hold you near to Him by silken cords, until in true and filial love you would desire to leave Him never.

3

OUR God alone knows a mother's heart, and He will pity us.

OCTOBER

4

YOU think you make sacrifices. Look at the sacrifice of Calvary and compare yours with it.

5

TO enjoy, we must love; and to love, we must sacrifice.

6

MY life would not be worth a thought if it could not contribute by its sacrifice to the happiness and desire of those I love.

7

SISTERS of Charity, your admirable name must excite in you every preparation to do justice to your vocation.

8

O Heaven! Eternity! To see face to face! to praise with angels! to love incessantly, eternally with God!

9

IF we must be separated here, at least let us enjoy the reunion of Eternity.

OCTOBER

10

I try to be good: I try with my whole heart.
I long so to get above this blue horizon.

11

LOVE Him who will be your all in death.

12

THE cold and inanimate form, from which the soul departs triumphantly, is left for its momentary destruction in the grave. Momentary: so often it was united with the glorified body of our Saviour, it will receive also the glorious restoration which must take place for the just on the last day.

13

MY children must fight, looking to Providence and the grave. Well, you say, but if they do not. Well I hope they will be punished by disappointments and adversities until they do. What a hard-hearted mother!

To a friend.

14

RELIGION is the only real support in the uncertainties of the present life.

OCTOBER

15

ST. Theresa—Holy Mother, you called yourself a sinner, the worst of sinners. What then am I? The sins of your life would be outbalanced by those of any one of my days.

16

OUR God is God! All is as He pleases. I am the happiest creature in the thought that not the least thing can happen but by His will or permission—and all for the best. Our God! Echo it back! Our God!

17

OUR Adored has given us hearts to love each other without restraint, calculations, or fears of saying too much or too little.

To a friend.

18

PRAY that He will not reject the broken heart—broken of its perverse and obstinate resistance to His will.

19

THE peace and safety of a mortified spirit is my daily lesson.

OCTOBER

20

Day! happy day, the last of all; after which eternity alone!

21

THE glory and happiness of the Catholic Church to sing the praises of Mary! The striking proof she is the true spouse of Christ since she best loves, honors, and cherishes her whom Jesus Christ himself so much honors, loves, and cherishes.

22

EXALTATION of the Holy Cross. The heart is down—discouraged at the constant failure in good resolution; so soon disturbed by trifles; so little interior recollection, and such forgetfulness of His presence. The reproaches of disobedience to the little ones, much more applicable to myself.

23

WHAT joy to be Catholics! Zeal for the honor of Mary. Pleasing Jesus much by pleasing her. Faithful service of praise, love, and homage to her; and especially by continual remembrance and imitation of her virtues.

OCTOBER

24

THE Annunciation! What glory! Embassy of an archangel. God taking flesh from her. The same which we now adore in our Jesus, in Jesus our Redeemer, in Jesus glorified at the right hand, in Jesus received in the Eucharist.

25

IT is vain to wear the outward sign of Mary's children on the heart, without the virtues of meekness, purity, and charity so dear to her, within.

26

THE happiness of those gone to Mary!—to be face to face with her.

27

MARY at the foot of the cross! The piercing sword! The last word! The last look of Jesus to Mary!

28

I can jump over all the troubles of this life with more gaiety and real lightness of heart than ever. Sometimes I can hardly contain my interior cheerfulness.

OCTOBER

29

THE delight of the Holy Ghost descending
at Whitsuntide on Mary!

30

HOW happy this earth to possess Mary so
long. A secret blessing to the rising church.
The perfect praise arising from earth to
the blessed Trinity so long as she remained. How
darkened in the sight of angels when she was
removed from it.

31

THE glory and happiness of Mary—her pre-
destination — was loved with an eternal
love — what then the delight of the Holy
Trinity in her!

November

I

LORD, I am dust. In pitying mercy scourge me, compel my coward spirit, fill it with that fire which consumed the blessed saint (St. Thomas of Villanova) this day commemorated, when he cried out for Thy love, declaring that all torments and fatigues should joyfully be borne to obtain it. Unite my unworthy soul to his earnest entreaty.

2

BUT as the angels even are not pure in His sight, our Mother, the Church, tenderly entreats us to put up our prayers for departed friends, that through the communion of saints, the merits of our Redeemer may still be applied, if necessary, to them.

3

WE will follow our loved ones to their cold abode, where they will await their glorious transformation; where pious thoughts, impressive views, eternity anticipated, will soothe our exile, and prepare our way to the land of the living—of eternal reunion.



FIRST DEPARTURE FOR THE FOREIGN MISSIONS

NOVEMBER

4

FEAR not one hair of your head will fall unnoticed when passing through the shades of death and the trial of your dissolution. All were counted, the whole of this body is but a sacred deposit for the grave, which must restore the whole by the *irresistible command*.

5

THE silence of death will tell us so plainly that our life is but a vapor, the world a passing scene, its dearest hopes illusive; that God and eternity are our all and all forever.

6

MOST precious Communion — preceded by alarm and thoughts of fear, but all settled in one thought: how He loves and welcomes the poor and desolate. He said, while the soul was preparing: "See the blood I shed for you: it is at this very time invoked upon you by My priests. They prepare and you will thank. Peace, silence, the garden, My will, My will forever." Oh, yes — Adored, Your will, Your will forever. In all my late Communions this abandonment and misery has given a mixture of sorrow, and peace, and love, which is made a part of the daily bread — though so many other bad ingredients are added,

NOVEMBER

7

SOULS destined to partake of His eternal inheritance—dear objects of His love. Go to Him with faith, confidence, and love—He will help. Fill yourself with His spirit and He will govern. He wills you to be to them as a tutelar angel. To guide them in His love, defend them from their enemy. He uses you as Pharaoh made use of Joseph, to watch over His house. And forget not the account to be given, if through your lack of vigilance, of goodness, of firmness! Your punishment will be proportioned to the dignity of those souls, to God's love for them, to the glory they might have given, to the recompense reserved for them.

8

DO violence to self on a thousand occasions. Renounce all satisfactions in particular. Endure the weakness of some, the murmurings of others, the delicacy of a third, yet forgetting no one! But graces will be proportioned to wants and duties, and the recompense proportioned also.

9

BUT eternity even now—eternity takes its endless course for the soul—a delightful, an inexpressibly delightful course for the blessed soul that watched so well for it during its short time of trial.

NOVEMBER

10

THE loss of God.—Let us represent to ourselves a lost soul plunged in the depths of despair, saying incessantly to itself, I have lost God, lost Him through my own fault; I have lost Him forever. I have lost my Creator, my Saviour, the source of all my happiness. He destined me to glory, created me for Himself, placed me awhile upon earth to prepare me for heaven, where I ought now to be reigning with Him. But I have lost Him, and through my own free will.

11

ETERNITY.—In what light shall we view it? What shall we think of the trials and cares, pains and sorrows, we had once upon earth? Oh! what a mere nothing! Let then they who weep be as though they wept not; they who rejoice as though they rejoiced not; they who obtain as though they possess not. This world passes away.

12

OUR God!—A novice of the most simple and least outward polish says to me, with hands on her face, as she kneels before me: “All my actions, then, will be eternal in their consequence? Oh, my mother!” “So says one of your meditations.” To her heart quite lost in the thought: “What, then, should mine be!”

NOVEMBER

13

NOTHING in our state of clouds and veils can I see so plainly as how the saints died of love and joy, since I, so wretched and truly miserable, can only read word after word of the blessed 41st and 83d Psalms in unutterable feelings to our God, through the thousand pressings and overflowings. God, God, God; the supreme delight that He is God, and to open wide the mouth and heart that He may fill them; but to be patient, gentle, humble—how little of that through my torrents of daily tears and affections so delightful and enrapturing over the old black book of this octave divine.

14

TO die with Him—then to see all things in the little world of St. Joseph as they are, so good in intention and faithful in accomplishment by the best souls.

*Concerning the happy life in
St. Joseph's Valley, Emmitsburg.*

15

WHY care for anything personal? If it is or is not, so or not so? The little remaining moment all too little, indeed, for penance, much less for reparation of love.

NOVEMBER

16

THE Judge will show mercy in proportion as we show it.

17

PAYER, ah, prayer! Our speaking with God, our infinitely beloved!

18

BE attentive to the voice of Grace. Dwell in prayer on the best thoughts of the moment. Love to soar above in your good time of prayer.

19

THE moment of judgment is so uncertain; the punishment already deserved so certain.

20

OH, my Jesus! No one, no one ever wronged me. All have done too much, and thought less evil than there was. But oh, how many I have grieved, troubled, and scandalized! Let me then mount to Thee on the steps of humility.

NOVEMBER

21

ETERNITY! that voice to be everywhere understood. Eternity! to love and serve Him only who is to be loved and eternally served and praised in heaven.

22

BEWARE of the disgust and tediousness of life proceeding from nature rather than Divine love.

23

THE treasury so empty, the occasions to heap it so continual, the eternal regret if neglected.

24

WHITSUN-EVE, at the foot of St. Mary's Mountain, from whence the thousand streams of remembrance coming down with the silent heavenly dew, which 'to the world give excess of joy,' says our divine preface. The God of our heart sees what passed in mine on such a festival of desire, remembrances, and realities, with its unutterable cries to the *lux beatissima* which is to pervade so intimately every faithful heart. You understand fully. The hope that you will be at His altar and there receive the olive of peace from the mystic Dove, or, if

NOVEMBER

yet shut up in your ark, the abundance He will pour,—either overflows the soul of the poor American mother with torrents of desires for you in this season of graces. Your share will be without measure, if the poor sinner is heard.”

*To her spiritual director, Father Bruté, who
at the time was on his way to Europe.*

25

PERSEVERANCE: a gratuitous grace, yet forfeited so often!

26

THIS morning our adored harp pressed close on the aching heart. Swept every chord of praise and thanksgiving; then weeping under the willows of that horrid Babylon, whose waters are drunk so eagerly while our heavenly streams pass by unheeded. The silent harp is pressed closer and closer.

27

A gloomy and constrained penance is so unworthy of the Beloved and so unedifying to His dear ones.

28

THERE is not the least even momentary event but by His dear permission or appointment.

NOVEMBER

29

WHY not enjoy the interior cell with sweet peace and expectation, since He has arranged exterior things so evidently for that end?

30

SO things are shared in this life. The Hand that allots always proportions.

December

I

JESUS' nine months in Mary's womb.
Oh, Mary! these nine months.

2

SUNDAY of Good Shepherd. — Watching night and cramp in the breast made a heavy head for Communion. As the Tabernacle door opened, the pressing thought: This bread should not be given to a dog, Lord. Immediately, as the eyes closed, a white shepherd-dog feeding from the shepherd's hand in the midst of the flock, as I have seen in the fields between Florence and Pisa, came before me. Yes, my Saviour, you feed your poor dog, who at first sight can hardly be distinguished from the sheep; but the canine qualities you see.

3

OH, Mary, glorious, happy mother, even through the ignominies of her Soul. Her full conformity to His will!

DECEMBER

4

THE promotion of the heavenly kingdom among souls, the grand object of our whole life.

God—the Lord and Father of all.

God—incarnate for all.

God—to be believed by all unto salvation.

God—to be manifested to the whole earth.

His Cross—pointed out on Calvary.

His Sacred Body—on our altars.

5

THE youth, the obscure life, the public life of Jesus! Mary always everywhere, at every moment, day and night, conscious she was His mother.

6

PATIENCE and submission are the only way to gain the blessings of Heaven.

7

THOSE who want the protection of Heaven are surest of obtaining it.

8

MARY'S Immaculate Conception—one soul again coming in innocence—what a sight for angels!

DECEMBER

9

THE interest of the heavenly and everlasting kingdom in the true spirit of faith and hope should be always in our minds.

10

NOT even little acts for obtaining fear or anxiety about this death can move the stronghold of peace, thanksgiving, and abandon of every atom of life and its belonging to Him. Even I can see but in the great whole. What life, indeed! Beautiful life! The whole delight in God. Oh, what relish in that word!

11

WHATEVER changing events you may pass through, act as a man and a Christian.

12

THROUGH piety and gratitude let peace, and love, and true contentment come to the deepest recess of your heart, and let the little, whistling, chilling wind blow above your head, and blast nothing of your dear interior cheerfulness, your bright and hopeful look at eternity.

DECEMBER

13

GOD Our God loves us; that is our comfort.

14

LET every fiber of the heart now suffer with Him, that eternity may be most glorious, pure, serene, and loving.

15

NEVER mind, all will go right, since we look to God alone.

16

LET peace and love stay with you in your pains, and they will lighten and sweeten them all.

17

LOOK up confidently; He will not abandon you who have left all for Him, nor leave you in weakness while loading yourself for His sake.

18

OH, dear, dear Eternity, come, take me from this earth.

DECEMBER

19

THE tender, interior look through sorrow at eternal joy—through the look of our Jesus, who wept for what you now weep, and must weep for to the last moment of life with loving bitterness and boundless exertions of penance—penance united to the only penance of our Jesus suffering, naked, and dying in obedience and payment for your fault. Penance, yes; life is so short, eternity so long.

20

SUFFERINGS are the ties, the bands, which fasten and unite us to our Dearest.

21

KEEP your heart high.

22

IF only you will cultivate the true spirit of a man, and give your noble soul its rights, and our God His rights, so immense and endearing!

To her son, William.

DECEMBER

23

H, the delight of your good angel presenting every moment of suffering to your crucified Saviour, who counts your sufferings with His!

24

IF the past, nothing should remain but sorrow for sin; of the future, nothing anticipated but the hope of heaven; of the present, one sole and only aim to fulfill in every moment His adorable will.

25

CHRISTMAS day is begun. The day of our dear Redeemer's birth is the day that opened to us the door of everlasting life.

26

JESUS on the breast of Mary feeding on her milk. How long she must have delayed the weaning of such a child!

27

THE infancy of Jesus—in Mary's lap, on her knees as on His throne, while the rolling earth adorned with mountains, trees and flowers is the throne of Mary and her blessed Infant, caressing, playing in her arms. Oh, Mary, how weak these words!

EAST of Holy Innocents.—This is your day, my children. To imitate through life these innocent, simple, unconscious babies, the first victims for our Jesus. Their mothers' anguish; even a little murmur, perhaps, that Mary and Joseph left them to suffer all, and brought on them this bloodshed and murder. The spiritual view so different! The little bodies cut down—the little souls joyfully flying up. Happy, blessed troop entering Limbo, so welcome to the holy fathers, and expectant souls to whom they give the news that He who was to come, is come, and oh! that their lives had been given for His.

My children, mind the soldiers of Herod, for they are the ministers of the Prince of darkness—worse far than they who could only touch the body, for the soldiers of Satan kill and destroy your little souls. As a last thought: do not kill one another's souls by scandal. Say of her who gives the bad example: There is a soldier of Herod!

To her children.

H, the virtues of Mary—the constant delight of the blessed Trinity—she alone giving more glory than all heaven together. Mother of God! Mary! Oh, the purity of Mary! the humility, patience, love of Mary! to imitate at humblest distance.

DECEMBER

30

BLESSED be the Eternal Father who adopted me as His child!

Blessed be the Eternal Son who merited for me this adoption with His blood!

Blessed be the Holy Spirit who confirmed this adoption by the grace of Divine love and shed it in my heart!

31

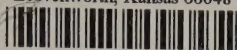
BLOOD of Jesus, wash me!

Her last words.

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